

The NATIVE VOICE

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The Lake Will Listen and Understand

This article is affectionately dedicated to "The Princess of the Great Lakes," Miss Marilyn Bell. Our own brave, charming, wonderful, Canadian girl — and to her superb swimming coach, Mr. Gus Ryder . . . For them the lake did listen and understand!

Jasper Hill (Big White Owl)

Eastern Associate Editor "The Native Voice"

By BIG WHITE OWL

THIS little legend was originally written for the many people who have never seen the beautiful and wonderful great lakes of North America. Those great bodies of sky blue waters so captivating and unforgettable, and sometimes so profoundly terrifying . . . Those cool blue waters seem to have a power to radiate a strange hypnotic spell that captures the minds of mortal men. Yes, the Mighty Manitou has endowed each one of these great inland waters with incalculable and incomprehensible mysteries.

Indeed, the wide blue lake can, sometimes, be very much like a man. It can, and it does, possess many moods and virtues. It can be wild and so furiously angry. It can be monstrously revengeful and cruel. And it can also be very lazy, slow and sleepy. It can also be very kindly and friendly to man and beast alike. And it can even take a lovely young maiden in its powerful arms and caress her to fame and glory. And sometimes, in its hour of loneliness, in its despair, it moans and cries alone.

So very few people have ever really tried to understand and make friends with the spirit of a great blue lake. To most everyone, it is just a huge body of fresh, cold, blue water and nothing more. Often men abuse it and deliberately mar its majestic beauty. Yet, whenever a lonely mortal wanders along the shrine of its



CANADA'S MARILYN BELL

Sixteen-year-old Ontario girl who last month became the first person to swim Lake Ontario. Marilyn made the swim "for Canada" when the Canadian National Exhibition excluded all competitors but Miss Flo Chadwick of the United States. Canadian response was immediate and enthusiastic with young Miss Bell getting many thousands of dollars in cash and gifts, including \$7,500 from the C.N.E.

glistening shore. If a man or a woman should appear before the sacred altar of the sky blue water, to find peace, and do penance, "the lake will listen and understand."

Yes, the spirit of the lake will rise from the depths to speak to you, to comfort you, take you by the hand and guide your faltering footsteps, once more, along the clean and good pathway. Never does it lead you farther astray — if you will but heed and listen. Truly, I do believe that Kitchi Manitou (Great Spirit) can speak to us — poor and wayward mortals that we are — through the voice of the whispering waves.

Not so very long ago, when the cares of the world were laden heavily upon my mind, I stood there alone, as evening shadows began to fall, on the shore of beautiful Lake Ontario. I watched the careless waves as they leaped and danced and splashed all around me. It seemed to me as if they were fighting a losing battle as they desperately, relentlessly, lashed out against the intrusive march of time. I stood there in a sort of supertrance — I know not how long. Then it happened! In a twinkling of the eye, every dashing, leaping, crested wave, seemed to me like some long forgotten Indian Brave. I even heard the distant drone of the deer hide drum. And I saw a mighty cavalcade take form. Soon many thousand thrilling war-

(Continued on Page 3)

Original Story By Constance Cox

— SEE PAGE 2

How KIT-EN-MAX Got Its Name

By CONSTANCE COX

THE name "Kit-En-Max" means "fishing by torch-light" and this is the way this village came into being, according to an old legend of the Kit-en-shon Indians who lived in the Skeena valley.

In the ancient village of Dumletham, at the foot of the great mountain St-a-gouna, there lived a beautiful maiden, the daughter of the Chief. Her parents were very proud of her beauty, and since they could not find anyone worthy to claim her hand in marriage, she grew to womanhood without being claimed by a husband.

To be a spinster in an Indian village was something of a disgrace, but still no man appeared who pleased her father, the Chief.

On the outskirts of the village, in a little hut, there lived a dwarf, so deformed and queer that he was much despised and neglected. But he was a fortune-teller, and so to him secretly one day went the

Constance Cox: Story-Teller

Constance Cox was the first white girl born at Hazelton. She is a great story-teller of the North who speaks four Native languages. For many years she was court interpreter for the Indians of Northern B.C. She has in her long experience gathered many stories, several of which have been kindly turned over to the Native Voice. We are pleased to publish the first of her tales on this page to be followed by others in succeeding issues. This greatly admired and beloved lady is an Associate Life Member of the Native Brotherhood.

Chief's daughter to ask him to tell how to get a husband. He said:

"Why are you not already married?"

"My father does not think there is anyone good enough for me."

The little man laughed and said: "Your father is a proud and conceited man, and should be punished for his pride."

"In the village they laugh at me, because I have neither husband

nor son, and I should like to have both."

"Marry me, and I will give you a son."

The girl tossed her head proudly and said, "My father would not like that at all. You are a freak."

He told her to return the next day and he would see what he could do to help her obtain her wish, and she promised she would come at sunset, when her father

would not know about her visit. When she came the next day the dwarf put a spell upon her and caused a mist to float before her eyes so she could not see him clearly. Then he spoke to her in the voice of a young man, and asked her to marry him. Thinking he must be young and strong in his voice, she promised to be his wife.

Every day at the hour of sunset she returned to him, and each time he caused her eyes to be dimmed. Then one day she found she was to become a mother. As soon as she told her husband this, he took away the mist from her eyes, and she saw she was married to the poor freak and was about to bear his son. She was most unhappy knowing how very angry her mother and father would be, and could not bear to tell them.

However, she could not conceal her secret very long, and one day told her mother all about it. Her mother was deeply ashamed, but agreed to keep the secret from the Chief. As the time of delivery drew near, the mother planned a great feast and announced the wedding, which was supposed to remove the disgrace.

But fate was not kind, and when her daughter felt her pains upon her, they withdrew to a little hut hidden in the woods, and the bewitched girl gave birth to three little animals, resembling dogs.

The mother took them from her and wrapping them up, hid them but the Chief came and demanded to see his grandchildren. When he saw the animals, he knew that great misfortune and disaster would come to the village, so he ordered all fires to be put out, and every person was to leave the village at once, except the girl and her animal children. But the mother's kind heart could not bear to put out all the fires and leave her daughter to starve, so she hid some flaming embers in a little pit, told her daughter where they were buried, and then left with her husband.

As soon as everyone had gone the girl dug up the embers her mother had hidden and fanned them to a flame, as she could not live without fire.

When the food her mother had left for her was all gone, the girl left the deserted village of Dumletham, and taking her animal children and all her possessions and travelled up the river to what is now the village of Kit-en-Max. Here she built a hut, and went down to the river's edge to catch fish for their supper.

As she had not brought any net or basket, she lighted a torch at the water's edge and the fish saw it and swam in close enough for her to spear them. This she did every evening, and the children playing in the hut, found that by throwing off their skins, they be-

Enchanting Forest Theatre

By KELLY BRANNEN

THE stage of "the enchanting Forest Theatre" in its beautiful natural setting was the scene of the colorful Sixth Annual Pageant presented by the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ontario, August 13 and 21.

They held an audience of over 1,000 spellbound as an all-Indian cast dramatized the story of Cornplanter ("Gyantwaka"), the man who loved peace above war. Cornplanter was an eloquent Iroquois chief of distinction and a contemporary of Red Jacket. His mother was a Seneca woman from whom he inherited his clan and title according to the custom of the Six Nations. His half-brother was Handsome Lake ("Skanyadario"),

the great reformer whose teachings are respected to the present day.

Cornplanter was a peaceful man and always had a kindly leaning toward the white man, but when his people were raided, he defended them. At this time, there was much hatred shown by the white settlers toward the Indian people. The white settlers wanted land and more land. They seemed to hate the Indian for owning it. Cornplanter and his Seneca brethren along with others of the Six Nations, fought with the British in the Revolutionary War. The Six Nations depended on Cornplanter to speak for them. His signature appears on Six Nations treaties with the United States, such as the demarkation Treaty of Fort Stanwix.

The Pageant was a tremendous success and great credit must go to everyone who had a part in the

presentation of it because, being busy with their daily work, they had a chance to prepare for the Pageant only in their spare time. Everyone played his part wonderfully well. What a spot for a Hollywood talent scout. Particularly delightful was little Wayne Allan Clause who played "Gyantwaka" as a child and who captivated the audience with his splendid dancing and charming acting. Also outstanding were Hubert Skye as the adult "Gyantwaka" and Gordon Martin as Captain Joseph Brant.

Not only did the audience thrill to the life story of "Gyantwaka" but they were also given a chance to see what Indian life used to be like. An Indian Village was duplicated on stage, with women and girls scraping skins, making moccasins and grinding corn, Indian men making lacrosse sticks and bringing in game, and Indian boys tending fires, playing lacrosse and other sports.

These exciting Pageants, which the Six Nations present so well each year, have made us history conscious, proud of our heritage, and have installed in us the importance of preserving Indian lore. Also, it gives the people of the Six Nations a chance to tell the historic stories from the Indians' point of view. We are all aware how Indians are treated in movies, books and on radio, as bloodthirsty, tomahawk waving, war painted savages, who fired flame-tipped arrows into thatched roofs of pioneer homes, and whose dialogue consists of "ugh" and "me takum white man's scalp." The Six Nations realized that by presenting these yearly Pageants, they would be able to depict the honesty, chivalry, courage, loyalty and other noble qualities of the Indian race, and also impress upon the white people the stories as they REALLY happened so long ago.

Perhaps the most important thing about the Pageant was the fact that so many white people visited the Reserve. It gave them a chance to mingle with Indians, talk with them, take their pictures, buy their well made miniature canoes, baskets, etc., eat corn soup, and go on their way with the new found knowledge that Indians are not only human beings, but pretty wonderful human beings at that.

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(Continued on Page 6)

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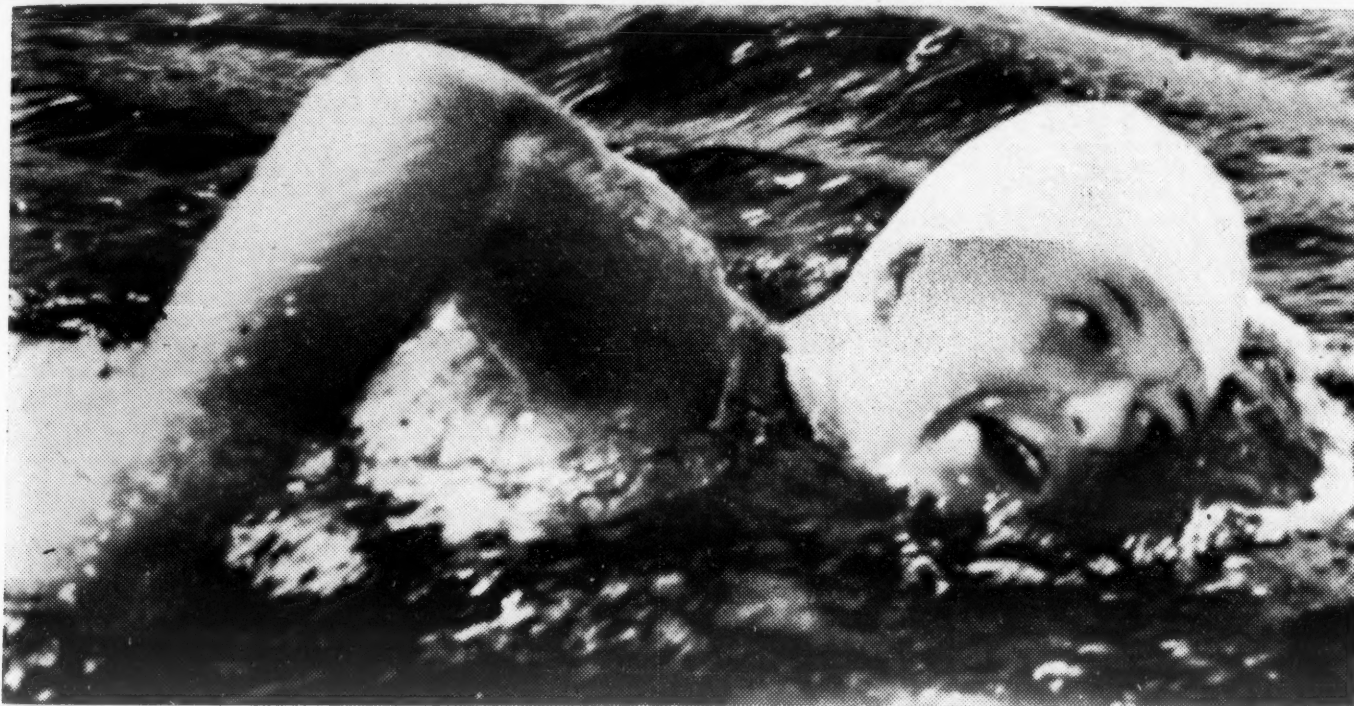
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—Courtesy Vancouver Province

Marilyn Bell on her epic swim through the unfriendly waters of Lake Ontario.

The Lake Will Listen

(Continued from Page 1)

ries filled the truculent air. I heard the twang of the bow string and the whirr of the arrow true. And the mournful dirge of the Medicine-Man came flying to me on wings of song. And out of the great void came the frightful wail of many dying men. The weird tune of their haunting death-

songs came floating eerily upon the wild crescendo of the wind . . . I shuddered and I shivered with strange excitement!

And lo, at long last, I heard a still small voice saying: "O Death Where Is Thy Sting? O Grave Where Thy Victory?" It kept repeating it over and over, each time growing fainter and fainter. Then, as suddenly as it came, the strange vision melted before my very eyes. Now I saw only treacherous waters, writhing, foaming, screaming in fury, at the biting and lashing winds. With a wan smile and a very thankful heart I turned to go my way, happier now and a little bit wiser — For had I not communed once more, with the creator and maker of my visions and dreams?

— I Have Spoken!

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Mrs. Maisie Hurley,
Publisher, The Native Voice.
My Dear Friend:

Thank you, for two reasons — the receipt of copies of The Native Voice, together with the letter I requested, and the fact you kept your word to forward them to me. I love people who keep their word.

To me, keeping one's word is almost like a fetish, and often I have been jested about it because sometimes when I have made promises hastily, they have cost me severely in the performance thereof. I feel that "If you do not mean it, do not say it!"

You know, you warmed the cockles of my heart when you came into my office, introduced yourself, and spoke charitably about my Indian collection. That's the way I do things—it makes people feel good—it's what the world needs. It's the way children behave, forthrightly and honestly. I've long ago gotten over the idea of being ashamed to behave that way—it's good for the soul and everybody else concerned.

I read the copies of The Native Voice which you sent me. They are a source of material, authentic, almost priceless to one who is interested, beyond the mere collecting of artifacts, in the life, endeavors and aspirations of the North American Indian, the underlying pathos of which saddens the heart.

No Christian gentleman who has undertaken the study of the case of the white man vs. the Indian, from Pizarro in Peru, Cortez in Mexico, Stuyvesant at Long Island, and on and on (with few exceptions). It is a long and shameful record of lying, cheating, knavery, skulduggery and infamy beyond concept on the part of the white man toward an aborigine who welcomed him to his shores and offered him haven and in many ways (Cortez in Mexico) actual adula-



BIG WHITE OWL

. . . Eastern Associate Editor of The Native Voice and author of "The Lake Will Listen and Understand."

tion and homage, can help but feel sick in his soul.

In all the annals of human history, this chapter beggars comparison. It constitutes one of the most shameful and damning chapters in Christianity.

An entire race of men, occupying the entire Western hemisphere, were conquered and decimated solely because they loved nature; were honest, had high moral and ethical concepts and welcomed strangers.

We who are the innocent descendants of the guilty receive the stab in our hearts and with our feeble endeavors seek to right a wrong — which can never be righted.

I want to meet you again—thank you so much.
ARTHUR "LINK" LINGENBRINK
Seattle, Wash.



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ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

The Echo of the Past

By STAN CUTHAND
Mont Neko, Saskatchewan

THE NATIVE VOICE in many of its issues publishes the history of the Indians in days gone by; how "The Indian was persecuted and exploited by the white man," brutalized by the French and English." The white man is taking away his heritage and dignity. The Indian stands on the "path of regret and bitterness."

This self-pity or persecution complex is bad for any nation or individual and certainly of no value to us in these modern days. This type of reading gets tiresome and certainly does not inspire us to press on to greater heights. We should rather look ahead to greater opportunities for our children and prepare them to become citizens of Canada just like any other race, now Canadian.

I was born under the British Flag that stands for greater freedom and higher ideals than my ancestors ever realized. They were noble and honourable but yet primitive, let me admit.

I am a proud Canadian, equally proud of my race, which is no hindrance to me. My heredity cannot be lost. My "heritage" is intangible; it is something I inherited from my forebears. It is rather a way of life.

The new way of life is here to stay and we must adopt it if we are to make progress. We must catch up to it through education. The old way of life is in the past and it is finished, although many still cling to it as a means of identity.

Our attitude must change with the changing times. Fifty years ago there was racial discrimination. In these modern days young Canadians do not care whether you are white, black or brown, as long as you play the game. In our schools and colleges it is brains that count, not the colour of your skin. Your "heritage" does not enter into it.

There is a story of a Negro boy, who was taught in his early life that they were hated by "whites." He went to University and studied medicine and when he took a post graduate course in surgery, he was surprised to be accepted on the same level as the other doctors. He was further surprised, upon starting his practice, that the "whites" came to him as well as the Negroes. It is brains that count.

What difference does it make in these days whether you are an Indian or an Irishman? It is not your heredity or your heritage, but your attitude. It is what you make yourself through education that counts.

Your attitude depends on your background. If you grow up in a Christian home and your early life has been influenced by Christian ideals, your character is such that you can live a good happy life and be able to mix with all classes of people. Once an Indian gets self-confidence, that inferiority complex no longer bothers him, nor is he sensitive about his "Indian-ness."

"The Native Voice" as a newspaper has to compete with other papers and to make it a good paper of interest, it must reach not only one class of people but all. We should not overemphasize our past grievances nor should our personal opinions enter into a news story, unless we are writing an editorial. We should report news stories just as they happen. It would inspire our youth if they read what others are doing to further themselves in industry, sports or some profession. Who has won for us integrity and honour?

Let us not be dead serious over our Indian "heritage," as good as it may be. I am not running it down, but we can over do it. We ought to put more humor into "The Native Voice." Short humorous stories such as have appeared from time to time.

Let us not be afraid to laugh at ourselves. The Scotchman tells jokes about himself for being so stingy. Great comedians are always laughing at themselves and the world laughs with them.

Let us admit that these are better days for the Indian. The white man has done much for us. "In the good old days" there were epidemics

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CONVENTION CALL

NCAI Gathering to Deal With Legislative Issues

To the CHIEFS, GOVERNORS, HEADMEN, OFFICERS, COUNCILMEN and INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS of the INDIAN TRIBES of the UNITED STATES and ALASKA:

By virtue of the authority of the Executive Council, I do hereby call the Tenth Annual Convention of the National Congress of American Indians to convene at Omaha, Nebraska, October 28-31, 1954.

There is no question but that the many legislative proposals advanced in the Session of Congress just ending present the gravest threat to Indians in many years.

The same reasoning that led up to passage of the General Allotment Act of 1887 with its tragic consequences for Indians, was evident again in the last Session of Congress. Prior to 1887, Congressmen were talking of "civilizing" the Indians. Now they talk of "assimilating", "integrating", or "liberating" Indians.

While different words were used, the reasoning was the same: What was being proposed was advanced as being "good for the Indians."

Then—and now—the lawmakers proposed to accomplish this by passing laws that did and will again result in loss of land and other assets and benefits to Indian ownership. Officially, as well as unofficially, it has been publicly admitted that the General Allotment Act did not accomplish its stated purpose and the reasons and arguments which inspired the Act have been thoroughly discredited.

The terms "liberation" and "putting Indians on the same basis as other citizens" were used so often in the last Congress that many Congressmen and much of the general public actually began to believe them.

The only "liberation" we need is liberation from poverty, poor health and inadequate education. The proposed bills did not even pretend to "liberate" us from these real enemies of the Indian people.

The phrase "putting Indians on the same basis as other citizens" can mean only one thing to Indians—taxing of trust lands. Other than exemption from payment of taxes on trust land, we are already legally in the same status as all other citizens; we pay all other taxes (even on non-trust lands); the same duties and responsibilities are required of us as of all other citizens.

In the Emergency Conference of American Indians on Legislation held in Washington in February of this year, and in their continuing efforts that followed, Indians proved that they can be effective in slowing down destructive legislation and in getting the attention and support of reasonable Congressmen and the public. It is of the utmost importance that the unity established in the Emergency Conference be continued.

For these reasons, it is vital that as many tribes as possible send representatives to the coming Convention—and that individual Indians be in attendance—to direct the policies and administration of the National Congress of American Indians in its efforts to represent the best interests of all Indians.

Your organization—The National Congress of American Indians—is right now a vigorous thriving organization; it is a vital force in Washington. It is showing what effective organization can do for Indians. It is also the time for us to put everything we have into our national organization to make possible further accomplishments and growth as well as continued defense of our properties and our rights.

Convention Headquarters will be at the Fontenelle Hotel in Omaha. Registration of delegates will begin at 9:30 a.m. and the first general meeting will convene at 11:00 a.m. on October 28. Registration fee for the Convention will be \$1.00.

Please advise the Executive Director, Mrs. Helen L. Peterson, 82 Dupont Circle Building, Washington 6, D.C., just as soon as possible if you expect to attend the Convention.

A CORDIAL INVITATION IS HEREBY EXTENDED TO ALL THOSE OF RECOGNIZED INDIAN ANCESTRY TO ATTEND OUR TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Joseph R. Garry, President,
National Congress of American Indians

that wiped out hundreds of people in Canada, as well as in Europe. For instance small pox; with research and study for many years, the "white man" has conquered these diseases. Modern medicine has done much for all. We gain by it. Our Indian population is on the increase.

The dark days of superstition and ignorance, of bad medicine, tribal wars, hunger and sometimes starvation are all in the past. What is our heritage?

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond a tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,
That God has given you for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour;
That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight,
I saw the Morning break."

—("BETWEEN MIDNIGHT and MORNING")

Safeguard Humanity, Shrine Pilgrims Told

It is the duty of Christians to "safeguard fully the rights and the prerogatives of the human person," it was laid down at the 11-day national festival to the Virgin Mary last month. Archbishop Duke of Vancouver attended the Marian Congress and has written the following message.

By MOST REV. WILLIAM MARK DUKE
Archbishop of Vancouver

We were happy together with four bishops and 60 pilgrims from B.C. to make the pilgrimage to the great national Marian Shrine of Canada at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, near Three Rivers, about 70 miles below Montreal, and to participate in the festivities, especially "B.C. Day" on August 14 and Coronation Day, August 15, a great feast of the Mother of God.

Highlight of the addresses was that of our beloved Holy Father, whose words were transmitted directly by radio to the vast assembly, on the afternoon of August 15, of over 200,000 people.

"HELP EACH OTHER"

He urged that Catholics keep their religion and their Church abreast of developments in the world.

"The rapid evolution of society and its institutions should be matched by a parallel effort on the religious plane. It is important that the Christian should be present wherever a decisive influence for good may be exercised.

"Attentive in following the movement of ideas he should intervene in time to defend and promote the principles of healthy morality, supported and extended by the light of revelation.

"In legislation, in association, in professional and cultural movements, in the organs of information, he should take care to safeguard fully the rights and the prerogatives of the human person with respect to his eternal and temporal destiny."

The whole celebration drew pilgrims from the 10 provinces of

Canada and from many near-by states across the border and was a striking testimonial of Canada's loyal response to the appeal of Pius XII for prayers and sacrifices and pilgrimages for peace among nations and for the manifold needs of the world at the present hour.

It exemplified the Christian belief continued in the Apostles' Creed of the Communion of Saints, whereby all who belong to the Church, by their prayers and good words, can assist each other.

INESTIMABLE BLESSINGS

The appeal for help in this case was made to the highest Saint in heaven, the Mother of Our Saviour, and for that reason her great national Marian Shrine called "Our Lady of the Rosary of the Cape" was chosen as the meeting place for the great celebration.

One of the features of the entire celebration was the deportment of so many little children; so polite, so patient, so respectful, so thoroughly conversant with what was transpiring and adding their devoted tribute to it all.

It is inspiring to pass across our country and enjoy the hospitality and culture of its citizens in the various places along the route and to see arising and progressing so many institutions of religion, of hospitalization, of science, of charity and of education, and above all in the small towns and in the countryside so many modern new homes for our growing little families, all holding such promise for

Beloved 'Aunt Lizzie' Passes at Port Hardy

The story of 84-year-old Mrs. Lizzie Wilson and her four coffins has come to its finale.

Mrs. Wilson, daughter of a Haida princess and the last Hudson's Bay Company factor at Fort Rupert, died at Port Hardy after suffering a stroke.

For years she had kept her coffin in the house. But three times she gave the coffin away when one of her many relatives died. Her fourth coffin was in her home when she died on a Sunday morning in September.

Known to everyone as "Aunt Lizzie," Mrs. Wilson was born at Naas River, B.C., and at an early age was taken by her parents to Fort Rupert. Her father, Robert Hunt, came to B.C. in 1851 and was the last factor at Fort Rupert.

Mrs. Wilson could vividly re-

call the early days of the fort as it was then and frequently told the stories about slavery in the area and the excitement that reigned when the big ships sailed in.

Seven years ago Mrs. Wilson discovered flying — and loved it. She did a great deal of flying during the last few years and preferred it to all other types of travel.

But when she made her longest trip away from home — to California five years ago — she insisted on going by bus as she didn't want to miss any of the scenery.

Last month she suffered a stroke at Fort Rupert and one of her nieces took her home to Port Hardy where she died later.

The Native Voice deeply regrets to hear of the passing of beloved Aunt Lizzie Wilson of Fort Rupert.

We have two old photographs of her grandfather, the great Chief Tongass of Fort Tongass, Alaska Territory in 1870 when Alaska belonged to Russia.

She was a wonderful woman, a great historian, and she will be missed by her multitude of friends.

Many Indians travelled hundreds of miles to attend the funeral and pay their final respects to this outstanding woman. The Native Voice joins all her friends in expressing sorrow at the passing of Aunt Lizzie Wilson.

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Indian Care Bill Passed

WASHINGTON.—The U.S. House of Representatives has passed the controversial Indian health bill despite numerous efforts by Oklahoma congressmen over the past few months to kill the legislation. The measure was previously approved by the senate.

Rep. Ed Edmondson of Muskogee, who spoke in behalf of opponents of the bill, told the house legislation will be introduced at the next session of congress to eliminate the harsh features of the present measure.

The bill provides that Indian health services be transferred from the Indian bureau to the Public Health service.

House-senate conferees had included in the measure a provision that no hospital may be closed for 2 years without the consent of Indian tribal leaders. The senate had sought to make this a permanent provision.

In a last-ditch fight to kill the bill, Edmondson sharply criticized what he described as concern by this government for Indians in Pakistan and India while we ignore the plight of our first Americans.

The measure passed the house by voice vote.

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Bittersweet That Decks the Forest

(Submitted by Big White Owl)

Manapus, son of a great chief, sat by the dying fire and fixed his eyes soberly on the coals that glowed through the wreaths of ashes. He shivered, drawing his lynx-skin robe closer. Outside the wigwam the wind shrieked and moaned like a living thing in torment.

Famine stalked in the land of the Menomini. Hunger was an unbidden guest in the villages. On the prairie, gray ghosts of wolves hunted shadowy buffalo. The strongest magic of the medicine man could not bring the deer within arrow range or fill the empty corn bags.

"My son," came a faint whisper.

The boy bent over the skin couch where his mother lay. "The voice of the wind bids me hasten, Manapus," the weak voice murmured. "You are a chief and son of a chief. You must save the starving people."

His mother's hand touched his cheek and fell back to her side. Manapus walked in the forest with all his furs wrapped around him. There was no sound save the crunch of his footsteps in the snow and the rasp of the sleet. At the edge of the wood the village lay still and silent.

The maple shuddered in the cold and cast down its last glowing leaves like tears. "Will you give your life for your people, Manapus?"

Lifting his eyes to the sky the

boy stood tall and straight in the pathway and answered proudly. "I will give all, gladly, for my people." Then he listened to the whispering voices of the storm.

Returning to the village he called the people to council. "In two days go to the forest, walking in my footsteps, and you shall find food. Take it and eat, thanking the merciful Spirit who gives it. Let no one follow me and mourn me not."

At the edge of the forest he raised his arm in a gesture of farewell, then, turning, was lost to sight among the gray trees. The hungry people returned to their fires, and waited faithfully. At the end of the second day, the strongest among them entered the forest in obedi-

ence to Manapus' command.

Treading in his footsteps, they came upon a beautiful trailing vine unknown to any of them. In great strength and vigor, it clambered high in the branches of the oaks, the maples and the willows, covering them with bright clusters of fruit, the hull split into three sections and folded back to reveal the ripe berry. Thankfully they took the ripe berries and vines to the women who boiled the inner bark to feed the tribe until spring brought the moon of plenty.

Thus, says the Indian legend from the body of Manapus, from his strength, his goodness and his beauty, was born the Bittersweet that decks the forests of the south west with its bright winter fruit.

Letter Protests Attempt To Break Iroquois Treaty

September 4, 1954

The Hon. Timothy Sheehan, Congressman, 11th District, Illinois House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

Dear Congressman Sheehan:

I wish to voice a protest against

breaking the Federal Treaty with the Iroquois of New York. This bill about to become law, will take the Reserves there and turn them over to the State. These Iroquois never made any treaties with the State of New York but with these United States, the Federal Government. As a descendant of these

Iroquois, I know that they never were the first to break any treaty.

To vote yes, to turn these people over to the State jurisdiction, will not only cause untold hardships among them but these Bills H.R. 4985, S. 2515, S. 331, to liberate, integrate and assimilate is the traditional, political verbiage that has taken place before each broken promise made before them. To the Indian, liberate, integrate and assimilate in reality mean liquidation. It is apropos to compulsory Euthenasia.

Europe has its Rock of Gibraltar and these United States also had its Rock of Gibraltar in these Iroquois. They always have fought for their homes. In World Wars I and 2 and Korea these Indian boys and girls have left their blood and dead bodies on foreign battle fields as their testimony of loyalty to the Federal Government, who now seeks to take their meagre homes. They only want what was promised to them.

Not only am I an officer of this organization but all my life I have been a Republican; for several years a Precinct Captain. It is difficult to believe that when one is acquainted with the viciousness of these bills, anyone with the sense of fair-play all Americans are endowed with, would idly stand by and see native Americans prohibited from being fairly dealt with.

So, I have written to you.

Respectfully yours,
CHAS. H. WORKMAN,
Chairman of Membership
Indian Council Fire.

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CONTINUED

By KARONTOWAMEN

SHADIAH - - - The Arrowhead

Ka-ke-nose had already selected those assistants who would help him in dressing and interring the deceased. They were Cha-ko-sa, Ky-a-na wa, Wa-pe-ski-ka-ka, Ma-ma-sa, Ha-ma-kwa, Pa-ke-to, and Ki-she-kwa—all friends and companions of those dead, and it was up to them to see that their warrior friends were properly started on their long trail to the Spirit Land, such as the right clothing, the type of weapons, if any, (only on an occasion such as this did they care to enter the weapons with the deceased. It was always a belief that the dead might return and use them against the living) and the proper food.

It was mid afternoon, when the priest ran through the village announcing that the ceremony would take place immediately. All around could be heard the weeping of the women and children.

My master had been busy all morning after returning from the home of his friend, Chi-ho-wa, one of those killed earlier that day. He had taken the lance, which he claimed after killing the Sioux, to his dead friend's little son, as a reminder that as he grew older, he had a job of revenge. Then he hurried from lodge to lodge giving praise of the dead, and trying to leave some word of encouragement for those left (in some cases) without a provider. He wondered what the old chief, his father, would say when he and his hunting party returned home. Pawi-shi-ka and some of the men had gone on a hunt and were somewhere on the Des Moines River. Just when they would return, nobody knew.

Our master knew that all those left behind would be provided for. It was our custom, that when a death took place in a family, the deceased place must be filled by an adoption within four years or the dead will not find a happy existence in the spirit world and instead turn into an owl. But until that took place, it was every one's duty to see that those left behind were taken care of and provided for. The adopted person had to be of the same sex and as near to the same age as possible. Although he

is a member of another clan, and subject to its rules, he still takes over the duties and privileges of the deceased, including his property rights. He is not allowed to marry any woman related to him by adoption.

Now, as if by magic, a silence comes over the village, and only the occasional bark of a dog can be heard. It seems a long time to those waiting, but in reality it is only a short time, when we hear the chant of the medicine man as he leads the way to the graveyard. Our graveyard, used by our people for many years, was set on top of a little rise and was surrounded by beautiful oak trees which every fall shed their leaves to make a carpet of red and gold under which slept the dead. The long procession winding up to the burial grounds was indeed a solemn one. Outside of the medicine man, there was hardly a person who did not have on mourning clothes, and his face was dark with ashes. Even the little ones who at most times can find gaiety, were silent.

As we neared the graveyard, we could see the fourteen holes with their fresh dirt, gaping as if they would swallow anybody who came near enough, let alone the blanket wrapped bundles that lay in a neat row with their feet to the west.

Now the medicine man raises his staff, and pointing to the four corners of the earth, he stoops and taking some dust in his hand, he lets it run through his fingers while he asks the Great Spirit to accept these brave men of the Mesquakie. He asks that their families be provided for. Then turning to the corpses, he addresses them in a farewell speech, telling them how they shall be missed, and last but not least, telling what brave men they were. Then stepping to the foot of the dead, he sprinkles sacred tobacco. Now those who wish can see the face of their loved ones for the last time here on this earth, and the procession winds its way by those sleeping, to repay its respects; for these are the braves, the ones who died so that they might live, and as each passes he sprinkles a little of the sacred tobacco close to the bodies.

Already the crowd is beginning to depart and the assistants step forward to conclude their act, which includes the lowering of the body into the grave and covering it. The puppies are now brought forth and strangled by the medicine man and staked at the foot of each grave. This is done in order that each man shall have a guide to the Spirit Land. But now the sun is beginning to sink in the west and once again can be heard the weeping and moaning of the

bereaved, as they make their way back to the village.

Poweshiek waited for the burial party, and as they were leaving, he raised his voice on high, so that it carried to those already entering the village; and swore vengeance on the Sioux. He hoped his voice had been heard by those hurrying on their way to the west, for it would give them comfort to know they would not go unavenged.

Darkness settled over the village unusually early that evening. At least it seemed that way to our young master. Instead of the usual dancing and merry making that goes with battle and the taking of scalps, there was the weeping and wailing of the women and children. For it is in the evening when the birds and the earth go to sleep, that we miss those who are no longer with us. It seems that at that time, all the memories and the love of those gone return to haunt us, and we become saddened beyond description. So it was with Poweshiek. All of those killed that day, were men whom he had known since childhood. Good and brave men. Some of them had been constant companions on the war trails. Take Chi-ho-wa, for instance. He and my master had been bosom friends on many a war trail. Not to mention the time he had saved Poweshiek's life when the great Crow chief, Many Coups, would have added his scalp to the others on his belt, if Chi-ho-wa had not acted quickly in drawing his attention just as he was about to bring his war club down on the head of my young master. Chi-ho-wa seeing that the Crow was too much for the young Mesquakie, quickly drove his pony with all its speed into the side of the Crow chief, throwing him off balance, and into the dust, where he was an easy prey for our great warriors who soon had his scalp dangling from one of their belts. Yes, the quiet of the evening brought back many memories, and Poweshiek's heart was heavy.

He slept late the next day, because sleep the night before had come very hard for him. The sun



SITTING BULL

was shining bright when he stepped forth from his lodge, and as he stretched, his gaze wandered down the busy village street. It came to rest on the lodge of his dead friend, Chi-ho-wa, and he wondered in his mind just how far to the west his friend was by now. Maybe he should look in on his family and see that everything was as it should be. Perhaps he should first go in search of some fresh meat for them. He knew a place where the deer often came to drink. Yes, he would do that.

He reached into the lodge and took us off the pole. Then, picking up his bow, he started off in the direction of the great woods.

(To Be Continued)

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Indian Actor Miscast

MOAB, Utah—Although he has never been in Hollywood, Lea Bradley has made a career of motion pictures. He is sought after by every major Hollywood studio as both actor and technical adviser.

Bradley says his role in Universal-International's "Smoke Signal," shot at Moab, was his 57th part. That's more, company executives say, than most actors in Hollywood can boast.

Bradley is a Navajo Indian. He began his movie career with Richard Dix in "The Vanishing American," in 1925. Since then, he says, he has played every type of Indian except the Navajo he is.

"The whiteman always wins the battles," he says. "History proves otherwise. Sometimes I have a little trouble with my Indians, preventing them from crossing up the director and winning the battle on the screen."

Sioux Minister Receives Achievement Award

Vine Victor Deloria, Sioux Episcopal minister, received the 21st annual Indian Achievement Award of the Indian Council Fire on Friday, September 24th, at a dinner meeting held in the headquarters of the Eleanor Club, 17 N. State St., Chicago.

Deloria is the third member of the clergy to win the Award and the fifth Sioux. A sister, Ella Deloria, noted anthropologist, won the Award in 1943. The family are descended from Francoise des Lauriers and the daughter of a Sioux chief.

Born October 6, 1901, near Wapala, South Dakota, Deloria was educated at Kearney Military Academy, where he rose to the post of Cadet Colonel, highest student office. He graduated from St. Stephen's (now Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.) in 1926 and entered General Theological Seminary, New York City in 1931. In the interim period, he worked in Colorado mines and as adviser (boys) at Fort Sill Indian School, Lawton, Oklahoma.

Deloria was ordained to the deaconate in the spring of 1931 and to the priesthood in November of the same year. This last ceremony took place in his father's reservation church. The father had renounced his hereditary rights to the chieftainship in order to enter the ministry and was one of the earliest Episcopal priests.

After an assistantship and missionary period, Deloria was made superintending presbyter of the eastern half of the Pine Ridge reservation. As the only priest, he covered a field nearly as large as the state of Connecticut with 800 communicants and 11 chapels. This grueling task broke down his health and he resigned after 20 years of service in South Dak-

ota to become rector of Trinity Church at Denison, Iowa, a white parish. In February of this year, he was made director of the program for all the Episcopal missions, the highest national executive church post ever given to an Indian. In June of this year, Bard College conferred an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree upon Deloria, who now resides at Suffern, New York.

The Indian Achievement Award has been presented annually by the Indian Council Fire on the fourth Friday in September, which is Indian Day in Illinois. The first award was initiated at the Chicago Century of Progress in 1933. The Award is given in recognition of Indian achievement, either for personal accomplishment or for humanitarian service on racial or general grounds.

The vote of a committee of nine members determines the winner. Members of the 1954 Committee are: Jonathan B. Steere, president, Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia; Miss Hildegard Thompson, Director of Education, Office of Indian Affairs, Washington; George Bowra, publisher, Aztec Independent, Astec, New Mexico; Dr. C. D. E. Lindquist, for many years executive secretary of the National Fellowship of Indian Workers; Ruth M. Bronson (Cherokee), educator and former executive secretary of the National Congress of American Indians. Serving as previous Award winners: Louis Bruce, Jr. (Mo-

Home of Pauline Johnson Rescued from Slow Decay

There is a lovely old house you should visit if you're ever at Brantford, Ontario. You'll find it on the banks of the Grand River, 12 miles downstream, and it will cast a spell over you if you are a Canadian with an ear for the poetry of Pauline Johnson.

Chiefswood has been rescued from ruin.

People of her father's race accepted it as a gift and are now spending thousands of dollars restoring it. Brush and tangled undergrowth have been cleared from its grounds and the exterior redecorated. The interior is to be restored to what it was when the Johnsons lived in the house. Then the home, built a hundred years ago by Pauline's Indian father for his English bride, will be opened as a show place and a memorial to the Canadian poetess.

The house was bequeathed to the Six Nations people some years ago by Evelyn Johnson, sister of the poetess and last of the Johnson family. During recent years trees and underbrush, growing wild and nearly unhampered, hid the dilapidated old building from the road.

But its owners awoke to public interest and pride, for Pauline Johnson was of their blood, and last year the Indian Council decided to restore her birthplace.

The dusky, dark-eyed maiden romped with her little black dog in the grove of majestic walnut trees around that house. Pauline's father, Chief G. H. M. Johnson, built it with back and front identical in design, the one facing the white man's road, so legend say, to please his English wife, the other, overlooking the Grand River, the Indian waterways, to please his Indian mother.

The nut groves of Chiefswood

cover 12 or 14 acres and were the most extensive in Canada during the 1870's.

Re-roofed in cedar shingles, with wood trim painted and the old fashioned green shutters repaired and rehung, Chiefswood is recovering the outside appearance of its youth.

All but one of the ground floor windows were in the form of French doors. The original door sill of the entrance overlooking the river was a squared log. It is still in place, but worn by many visitors, white and Indian, who were welcomed into the Johnson home—and by the pilgrims, of a sort who have tramped over it for hundred years.

The wallpaper has been removed from the rooms and they are to be repapered in the designs of the 1850's to the 1880's.

The Indian Council hopes that some persons possessing memories of the Johnson family may present them to be preserved and displayed. They hope to be able to restore the home with furnishings as they would have been in the time of the Johnson family. Original items which have been preserved include a massive sideboard and a large chest of drawers. The fine old hand-carved walnut stair rail is still in a healthy condition.

Chiefswood was intended as a home for aged Indians. But for several reasons that seemed impractical.

Instead the Indian Council is slowly, and very carefully, restoring it to the authentic atmosphere of its past. Someday, maybe, the federal government will be moved to make of Chiefswood a national shrine and park.

A shrine that will belong to both sides of the Canadian poetess' family—the Indian and the white.

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